

THE PICO HOUSE PARTY.

A True Story Manufactured Out of Bron-
cloth—All's Well That Ends Well

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The party at the Pico House last Thursday evening has become one of the "bright, green spots" in the memories of those who participated, and who counted among the happy, joyous things that were. The story of the brilliant toilets of the fair ones, the glimmer of lights casting their brilliant gleam over lovely ladies and gallant men, has been published to the world.

But another chapter, full of excitement and interest, has been left unchronicled, and as it points a moral

As well as adorns a "tail," it is now for the first time given to the outside world. The anticipated select character of the affair had created an unusual ripple of interest in social circles, and the indispensable necessity of attending in evening dress, produced the most intense excitement among the swell young men of the town, especially those who had heretofore denied themselves such

a luxury. They appealed to ever
friend they believed possessed a part o

such a habit, and for a day or two it seemed as if a large portion of the male population of Los Angeles had come here hastily and left their trunks behind. The fashionable tailors of the city were kept busy pressing and ironing garments long unused, and through the mistake of one firm occurred the

...telling a harrowing story which we are about to relate.

Not a hundred miles from the post office, a certain tall, six feet, Apollo-like formed jeweller holds forth, who together with the bookkeeper of a large

nd well known business establishment

The I.L.E. were presumably duly established on the day of the party to the respective owner, and towards evening in their homes to be each separately prepared to off their fearful slaughter to the fair lads.

rain. He had the tall man's pants!

“The minister’s sermon, ‘Will thou
“Coming Man Swear?”’ was indeed
the affirmative, and the air on Temple
street has been sulphurous ever since.
Visions of an impatiently waiting
provoked young lady flitted across his
mind. All the expectant pleasure of a
week seemed about to be blighted. Her
torn and fumed, and if the tailor ir-
rue half way to the destination wishe
for him he must be a thousand miles
the other side of hades. With torture
-elings he finished his toilet as best h
ould. The expectant smiles of his gir

ad vanished, and now his disappointed soul was wrung with anguish. That

right he hoped to cap the climax and make her his forever and to feel that he must lose her was agonizing. But he was young and brave, and get there he must. With panting bosom he hastened down town for a cab, stopping first to swear at the tailor, and ascertain if matters could not be

Improved. Down Main street the cat
ashed, driving people from the middle

the street with fright, and turning over the *tamale caliente* man near the postoffice. The first house stopped at was the wrong one, that man being unfortunate enough to have his own cousins. It was now 9 o'clock, the party had already begun and the vision of the moping girl still tortured him. The house number he proved no more and

house number two proved no more successful, but a partner in the tailoring

establishment was captured here, and being almost of the same size, and having mentioned something about black houses, he was hurled into the cab and carried back to his shop. They were tried and found almost as much so short as the others were too long. It was now 10 o'clock. What could be done! The vision

the moping girl was growing wrath-

Several sympathizing friends had gathered about and were consoling him, but with no success. "Ha! Ha! I have it! On to the hotel, Pico, there we will find the tall Apollo, capture him, carry him to a private room and divest him of his nether garments, and turn over to him his own!" "We'll go you just

Up Spring street the carriage again

Arriving at the hotel the party was
und in full blast. The tall, Apollo-like
ung man was hastily called and came

t smilingly. Great Caesar! he didn't
use those pants on! He had managed

borrow a pair from a man of his own
age and was happy. The conspiracy
collapsed. He was allowed to go un-
molested. But what could be done? Half
past ten and the moping vision growing
pathfuller. Apollo said that they
were down in his room, about a mile
away, and they could be found there.

at before giving his address he wanted
tell his agonized listener of a funny

se of mistaken identity in the ball room, and that he had accused the handsome bookkeeper of a large lumber firm of having his trousers, having mistaken him for bookkeeper No. 1. The smile of Bookkeeper No. 1 was quickly as he acknowledged the flattering compliment, but the address was what

was after. He got it, and for the third time went tearing down Main

et in a hok, bound out somewhere
ar Washington Garden. The place
as duly reached, and he boldly ap-
proached the door. To his overwhelm-
ing embarrassment, a young lady ap-
peared in answer to the ring. This
was almost the worst blow of all.
Bookkeeper No. 1 is a very modest
person. In fact, it is his distinctive

ing man. In fact, it is his distinctive characteristic; and now to talk about

things to a handsome young lady! Fortunately, the darkness hid his blushes. It was an awfully solemn moment. The case was extreme, and he must act. Just then a young man appeared upon the scene, and the modest No. 1 was saved at least one pang. He called the gentleman aside, the latter was hastily explained and the

okkeeper was led into the bedroom, were spread before his expectant eyes

spread before his expectant eyes the right pants. What a beautiful sight is a pair of pants!—your own. In that moment those pants had made a doubled, agonized countenance beam with smiles, and cause huge globules of unalloyed joy to ooze from an alabaster forehead. But this was no time for happy reflections. It was eleven o'clock.

at the vision of the aforementioned
 young girl was looming up. With the

profuse of thanks he hastened to the carriage and at last was riding in the direction of his dulcinea. Arriving, his reception was anything but cordial. The young girl was no longer a vision—it was a fact. But he rung in the old story on her—important business—telegram—Santa Monica—wheel broke—

They arrived late, but as they prome-

led happy about, basking in the
nlight of each other's smiles, none
esent dreamed how nearly two young
d tender shoots were driven apart—
w nearly two blooming lives were al-
est eternally blighted by the mistake
a pair of pants.

On Tuesday last, two military prisoners from Angel Island, who were

Working on the Preaddio Reservation, a Francisco, knocked down the band with their grubbing instruments, took his arms and walked off.

